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PHILOSOPHIC DOUBTS CONCERNING CRITICISM.

Public life in England has one happy characteristic which has not been developed to any considerable degree in our own country. It does call to its posts of leadership and responsibility men of intellectual distinction — men who have already made their mark, or who are by way of making their mark, in other and less turbulent fields than those of politics. Men of the type of Lord Morley, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Balfour rise to high positions despite their possession of that fine culture which would be to them an almost insuperable barrier in this country. Try to imagine, for example, Mr. William James, or Mr. Howells, or the late Mr. Gilder, as members of the national legislature, and you have a concrete illustration of this fundamental difference between the two countries. On the other hand, try to imagine Speaker Cannon dashing off a little thing on æsthetics, or Senator Aldrich acquiring metaphysical fame (on any other subject than that of the tariff) in his hours of studious retirement, and another illustration of the same negative sort is provided. The scholar is indeed *rara avis* in the American politics of to-day, and the most frequently mentioned example is one of whom we are not exactly proud.

In England it is different — so different that when, for example, the Oxford authorities wished to name the Romanes lecturer for the present year, they naturally turned to the graceful and subtle philosopher who is the present leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour's address, as given in the Sheldonian Theatre about a month ago, now lies before us, and has for its title "Questionings on Criticism and Beauty." Mr. Balfour is an adept at questioning, and the pale cast of his thought, when directed toward the subject of æsthetic criticism, forces him into his favorite attitude of philosophic doubt.

"The amount of splendid literary and other artistic work which has been produced since the revival of learning is the glory of our modern civilization. The amount of intellectual energy which has been thrown into the criticism of literature and of art is very great, and yet I think that anybody who has studied that criticism cannot but feel profoundly depressed by the character of its total output. In the course of your survey you will come upon the names of men whose critical

labours have made them immortal; but if you ask what they have done, you will usually find that what they have done is to sweep away the rubbish of their critical predecessors; you will usually find that where they have failed is in not having made that drastic process of purgation sufficiently complete."

This is sad if true, and a melancholy commentary upon the futility of all human endeavor to create a philosophy of the beautiful; for it follows that our own most admired modern judgments (Mr. Balfour's included) will in time go into the rubbish heap, to be succeeded by new and equally unstable appreciations.

But we cannot believe the situation to be really as bad as all this, in spite of skeptics like Mr. Balfour, or subjectivists like M. Anatole France, or iconoclasts like Mr. G. B. Shaw, or æsthetic agnostics like Count Tolstoy. However such men may rail at the pedantry of the critics, or deny the gift of real vision to the interpreters of literature, or deplore the sophistication that befogs their judgment, there remains a very definite canon of the beautiful which has been beaten into shape amid the warring of schools, the clashing of critical temperaments, and the shifting of points of view. We know pretty definitely, and can make fairly clear the reasons, why Sophocles was a greater poet than Euripides, and Goethe than Schiller, and Tennyson than Browning. As individuals we may make grievous mistakes about our contemporaries, but as students of the history of literature we accept the registered verdicts, primarily because they are reasonable, and the considerations that support them have the clear signs of validity.

After all, Mr. Balfour saves himself from the extreme lengths of skepticism, as usual, by his qualifications and reservations. He may assert that "nobody lays down rules now," and that "rules of correct composition are buried among lumber of the past," but he also admits that "superficially at all events there is a very great appearance of unanimity, in this eclectic age, as to what is or what is not a successful work of art." "Are we to take as a test," he asks, "the feelings of men of trained sensibility? Are we to take, if that is true, the man who has cultivated a particular art, and acquainted himself with its technique, its principles, its history, and studied it and cultivated it? And if we take him shall we attain to anything in the nature of an agreement as to what truly constitutes excellence in artistic production?" If Mr. Balfour really wishes us to answer these questions he is welcome to our decided affirmative. But he is not more than half sincere in asking them, for he goes on to cite certain notorious eccentricities of judgment (on the part of Arnold and Ruskin) as things that "we hush up as quickly as we can," and to say that "on the whole, cultured persons show a tolerably united front to their enemies." This is pretty nearly conceding the whole point of Mr. Balfour's questionings, unless one goes over bag and baggage to the Tolstoyan camp, and holds the untutored hind the only truly competent juror in matters æsthetic. And this our author, although he toys with the notion, is not quite prepared to do.

The plea that beauty is its own excuse for being, needing no further exposition or justification, will never fully satisfy the mind that seeks an essential part of its happiness in learning the causes of things. To stand upon that proposition alone is to plant one's feet upon a quicksand, to cast one's mind adrift from all its moorings. A man convinced of the proposition would still have to ignore it in practice, just as the convinced determinist cannot help assuming himself to be a free agent. Mr. Balfour rather childishly argues that because when a boy at Eton he revelled in "the various works of fiction which are the joy of youth," and experienced a careless rapture in this reading which his contemplative and discriminative years now deny him, no matter how much finer the art which engages his attention, that because of this melancholy contrast he wonders if he has not lost the capacity for "true æsthetic enjoyment." This is philosophic doubt carried to the point of perversity, and not likely to be shared by any persons of cultivated taste whose judgment has not become unbalanced through overmuch introspection. It really begs the whole question, and in about the same way in which it is begged by the champions of hedonistic ethics when they refuse to recognize the fundamental distinction between the pleasures of the sense and the joy that the spirit takes in self-sacrifice and high impersonal endeavor.

FREDERIC REMINGTON, famous for his spirited illustrations from Western frontier life, but known also as a painter, sculptor, and writer, died at Ridgefield, Conn., December 26, at the age of forty-eight. He was born in New York State, but had lived much in the West, where his varied experiences—as "cowpuncher," ranchman, and scout—gave him the intimate knowledge of scenes and characters that were so strikingly delineated in his pictures.

ST. LOUIS

ABOUT NATIONAL ACADEMIES.

New York, having erected a Hall of Fame and brought it into notice by excluding the one indubitably famous American poet, has made the country a present of a National Academy. The composition of this Senate of Immortals, as given in a recent number of THE DIAL (November 1), is a matter for curious study. There is a fair representation of New Englanders, and a few other exiles from the Great White Way; but the pomp and prodigality of New York genius is mainly in evidence. And doubtless New York could have done better by itself, had it not been too magnanimous not to let the rest of the country have a look in. A good third of the names would probably be inevitable in any list of distinguished living Americans. But the others could be matched and overmatched again and again.

There is of course a good side to this glorification of a group. New England in its best days was loyal to instincts of locality. It backed and cheered its intellectual athletes on, and the spirited runners felt the stimulus and sprang forward to win the prizes. New York deserves credit for taking care of its own. It reminds me of a story which my father used to tell, of a visit he paid with a companion to a friend's country house. The owner of the property had an idiot son; and my father, introducing his friend, said, "This is Mr. Satterthwaite, Sammy. He is a Quaker. The Quakers, you know, are good people." "Yes," said the idiot, "good to themselves." It used to be said that no Bostonian could escape having a statue erected for him; and New York seems moving in the same laudable direction. But it can hardly expect that the rest of the country will bow down and worship its totems of a tribe.

It is hard to conceive just what ideal the makers of this Academy had in view, — just what kind of sheep they deemed acceptable, and just what kind of goats they thought undesirable. It includes men of affairs and publicists, but ignores some of our greatest. It admits a large number of artists; which is a commendable departure from the practice of the French Academy. It allows a number of college presidents, but disallows others as well and widely known. It ignores the Church, the Army and Navy, and the Stage. Altogether the list is badly balanced and badly selected, and seems to be issued with the imprint of a prominent magazine.

The inevitable questions in all such cases is, "What is the Source of Honor? Whose is the authority which confers the stamp of greatness?" Artists are envious, and the mob profane. Even scientists can hardly be trusted to honor their best. And a popular vote would be a folly. The French Academy was founded at the culminating period of the French monarchy. It has gathered traditions to itself and become venerable by age. Yet it is questionable whether it has not done more harm by its log-rolling, its continual rejection of genius for mediocrity, than it has done good by its recognition of noble work. Too many great Frenchmen have occupied its forty-first chair, for the world to accept its judgments as final. Besides, it was instituted for a definite purpose — the preservation and promulgation of the French language. It may have kept this language pure, but it has kept it thin. The piratical English speech, recklessly despoiling the tombs of antiquity, ravaging all coasts, bringing back booty from the uttermost ends of the earth, has trebled and quadrupled its stock of words and idioms, and acquired a richness and flexibility which fit it for all human uses, and promise to give it the domination of the world. If the French Academy has failed in its main object — that of keeping the French language supreme, — its minor successes in cultivating urbanity and precision will not much count in the long run.

We talk a great deal about democracy in America, but it looks to me as though we were making a quiet, disguised, but determined effort to create an aristocracy. And quite rightly, in a way. We begin to want some tangible evidence of the existence of the best. The idea of a society composed of people of achievement and renown begins to appeal to us. The movement is fluid as yet; it has not hardened into an official caste, a plutocracy, or a class of all the talents. Any effort toward directing this movement in the way of intellectual and spiritual superiority, and away from the worship of mere wealth, is good. Coteries and associations with intellectual trend are springing up all over the country. A bright woman once told me that she had just had a dream of heaven, and it was exactly like a meeting of the Contemporary Club in Philadelphia. Possibly she was an enthusiast, but she expressed a feeling of delight in high intercourse which I believe is becoming common.

One use for an American Academy is to furnish a beadroll of distinctions. Another purpose it might serve, and which I suppose the French Academy does serve, would be to bring together persons of high and diverse achievements. England, however, has managed this business fairly well without an Academy. Her people of position and wealth have, down at least to a late period, recognized their responsibilities toward the intellectual life of the land. They have been hungry for celebrities. It is impossible to read the English biographies and memoirs of the last hundred years and not note how rich and full has been the intercourse of great men. Almost every Englishman of distinction has seemed to know every other of the same class. Here and there an isolated artist or man of letters, or a group of revolters, has escaped being caught into the full current, but as a rule the unofficial Academicians of Great Britain have been invited everywhere. The breakfasts of Rogers and Monckton Milnes, the dinners of a hundred other hosts, and most of all the country house parties of people of rank, have been clearing-houses for genius. When the History of Civilization in England is written it will become evident how much has been due to this hospitality. Possibly there have been some drawbacks of patronage and caste; but these have been greatly

overweighted by the benefits of acquaintance and interchange of thought, amid delightful surroundings, which has been made possible for intellectual leaders. These benefits have not only been a stimulus but a main reward for effort. We have had nothing comparable to this life in America. Here a man of genius has been expected to be more grateful for a sandwich than an ordinary person would have to be for a year of banquets.

Genius of any kind is not apt to be gregarious. It stalks alone, feeds on its own breast like the Pelican and reproduces itself like the Phœnix. Only the lure of dainty feminine presences brought it into the precincts of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the Academia Della Crusca, or the later French *salons*. And even these did not get the big men. Left to itself, genius has always preferred the social life of taverns, coffee-houses, and small clubs. The Mermaid, the Mitre, Will's Coffee House, Dr. Johnson's Club, were the Academies of their times. They were the nursing places of talent; in them reputations were made or unmade; there the intellectual life of the day flowed freest.

Yet it may be doubted whether in our times a great capital or chief city is a necessary factor in the development of the arts and sciences. That it was so of old, is unquestionable. Where the king and court were, there was the assemblage of intellect. But we have changed all that. Weimar, a country village, dominated Germany for fifty years; the Lake District and Edinburgh cast the rest of Great Britain into the shade for half as long. Victor Hugo in the Jersey Islands was a fair counterpoise to Paris. Wagner scorned Berlin, and built his throne at Beireuth. As long as Tennyson lived, even London was in comparison to his hermitage as the low flaring confused lights of a seaside resort are beside the high clear flame of a light-house beacon. Wherever the great man is, wherever the few good heads are congregated, there is the head of the table. And apparently what genius needs is a desert island for ten months in the year, and then a passport to the best life of the world for the remaining two.

There has lately been launched, also in New York, an organization called The American Civic Alliance. Its object is vast, if vague, being nothing less than, in the language of its prospectus, "An effort to supplement the Government of the people with a civic body representing the combined Intellect and Conscience of the entire nation." Its membership is limited to four thousand, and the qualifications seem to be quite elastic. Apparently anyone of respectable attainments, who has the necessary enthusiasm and ten dollars, can belong. This is certainly being democratic, and everyone his own Academician. Strange as it seems, it looks to me as though this rough-and-ready body, if it materializes, might have the germ of greater usefulness in it than the localized Academy I have been discussing. If its State chapters could bring together the best minds of their various sections, if a wave of enthusiasm could be sent through the whole body, something might come of it. It would at least make for the acquaintance of people who in various lines of work are trying to do their best. It might do for us, in a measure, what the flow and interchange of English social life have done for Englishmen. It might teach the politicians that literary men are not necessarily fools, and the clergy that politicians are not inevitably "crooks." From such a general understanding among our leaders in all departments, a larger and fuller life might dawn for our country.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE YEAR'S ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, according to the recently published report of the librarian, amount to 167,677 volumes, besides pamphlet, manuscript, and other material, bringing the total book collection up to 1,702,635 volumes. Among the noteworthy accessions is a set of the great Chinese Encyclopædia, of which we have before made mention in connection with the copy owned by the British Museum and regarded as one of its most valuable possessions. The Washington set was presented by the Chinese government—possibly as a slight acknowledgment of American courtesy and fair play in returning the undistributed balance of the Boxer indemnity. Among the valuable manuscripts lately transferred to our national library from various departments of the government are all the applications for public office received during Washington's administration, the original accounts and vouchers of his expenses in the Revolutionary War, and documents concerning pension claims of soldiers in that war. The catalogue cards now so satisfactorily prepared by the library and furnished to more than a thousand other libraries, both at home and abroad, have attained a yearly circulation of about four million cards. A method of exchange is in operation whereby a collective or union public library catalogue is being formed, to indicate the contents of all the great libraries of the country. Good work, too, is being done in the drawing up of library rules and regulations, the Washington code being already adopted by the Library Association of England; the desirability of its still further use on the Continent will be discussed next June at the international library congress to be held at Brussels.

* * *

A LIBRARY OF BANKING AND CURRENCY, of twenty volumes or more, is to be published during the coming year under the auspices of the National Monetary Commission, and efforts will be made to give the volumes a large circulation throughout the country. The government will be the publisher, and it is hoped that the books can be distributed by the superintendent of documents at a moderate price. Private purchasers may be few enough, but public and semi-public libraries will be interested in securing sets of these authoritative works, which will,

collectively, give a full history and description of the monetary and banking systems of the world. Representatives of the Commission have for some time been collecting material and holding interviews with finance ministers and leading bankers in various countries. The services of the foremost authorities in the many departments into which the general subject divides itself have been secured. In the matter of Japanese banking, for example, a theme of especial interest in view of Japan's rapid financial development in the last forty years, papers have been expressly prepared by Marquis Katsura, Premier and Minister of Finance, by Baron Sakatani, ex-Minister of Finance, and by Baron Takahashi, vice-governor of the Bank of Japan. There is at present unusual interest here in the question of banking, and the Commission expresses the hope that business men and students of finance will study the volumes and coöperate in devising for this country a more adequate banking system.

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A QUEER SCHEME OF LITERARY CENSORSHIP has been agitating the book world of England. The circulating libraries wish to decide on the morality or immorality of a book before it shall be formally turned over to the book-buying and book-reading public. If approved by the circulating libraries, through some examining board appointed by them, the book would enjoy the patronage of those commercially important institutions. If disapproved on the score of immorality, what an advertisement the book would thereby receive! The plan is too obviously objectionable, not to say absurd, on many accounts, to be taken seriously — more ridiculous even than the much-criticised puritanic committee of fiction-sifters voluntarily undertaking to decide what novels are good enough for the Boston Public Library. It is no wonder that the English Society of Authors is strongly opposed to the scheme, and that a leading London journal pronounces it "incomparably more deadly" than the theatrical censorship which has stirred up so much opposition in England. The interesting situation is discussed more fully by THE DIAL'S London correspondent in this issue.

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THE PERILS OF PRECOCITY in a popular writer are grave. Having early made his mark and familiarized the public with his juvenile genius, can he persuade his readers to accept riper and worthier and it may be heavier work at his hands? Will Mr. Chesterton, for example, find himself forced to continue writing Chestertonese for the next thirty or forty years, or will he be able to drop the journalistic cock-sureness and epigrammatic smartness that have so well served him thus far? He is only thirty-five, and the prospect of forty years more of Chestertonic paradox somehow daunts one. Mr. Kipling, a somewhat older writer, is one whose later work, whatever its excellence, seems to suffer by comparison with those first fine flights of his imagination before the cares of his country weighed on his mind and prompted him to produce rhymed homilies on imperialism. Another early successful author is Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, from whose pen we are not getting many new books of late. Is it possible that he has described his own fate in "The Altar Fire," and that his pen, once so fertile, has written itself out? And yet Mr. Benson is still several years under fifty. It is to be hoped that he is simply resting and ripening for yet worthier achievements in literature. To be handicapped by youthful fame is worse than to be muffled in a not easily penetrable obscurity.

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THE SINGULAR USAGE OF SOME LATIN PLURALS invites passing comment. A current paragraph, in a newspaper standing at or near the head of the list for acknowledged literary excellence, runs as follows: "'Cook's data turned over,' says a headline, referring to the delivery of the stuff to the Copenhagen scientists. The next thing will be to turn it inside out. Was there ever any 'data' that was so mercilessly criticised as this will be? The examination of Peary's records was like an afternoon tea in comparison." No fewer than four times does the writer of this short paragragh proclaim the rustiness of his Latin. We have long been accustomed, though not wholly reconciled, to the misuse of "stamina" as a singular noun. "His stamina was inadequate to the strain put upon it" might now be read in one's morning journal without robbing the entire day of its enjoyment; but "the data was" still jars one rather painfully. Other like instances will occur to many readers. Thus do the last lingering traces of a polite education go the way of Hans Breitmann's "Barty," — into the *Ewigkeit*.

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AN OCTOGENARIAN JAUNT might appropriately be the title of a volume describing the European trip just undertaken by Mr. John T. Trowbridge. He and Mrs. Trowbridge have recently sailed from Boston for a winter's sojourn in sunny Italy — so pleasantly at contrast with east-windy Boston, or breezy Arlington either, the venerable author's long-time place of residence. Let us hope he will feel moved to add a sequel, embracing this Italian visit, to his already published "My Own Story," which appeared six years ago. Mr. Trowbridge, at eighty-two, braving the winter Atlantic for a scamper across Europe — if he will pardon the levity of the expression—is surpassed only by Mr. John Bigelow, who, with the burden of ten more years to carry, recently ran over to Paris, and then, with equal lightness of step, returned to present us with the three noteworthy volumes of his "Retrospections."

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THIS YEAR'S WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE, Miss Selma Lagerlöf, will be generally acknowledged to have deserved the honor. Indeed, it would have come to her before now had not the committee of award feared the charge of prejudice in thus choosing a writer of their own nationality

for a distinction of world-wide significance. Miss Lagerlöf, now entering on her second half-century, has written tales of Swedish life that have won for her a position not unlike that occupied by Walter Scott among his compatriots. She has revealed what was before but dimly perceived, the poetic meaning and romantic charm of Swedish legend and Swedish life. Best known to us of her books are "Gösta Berling's Saga" and "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," — and concerning the latter there is a touching and a true story that will bear re-telling. Not long after the book appeared, its author received from an orphan boy bearing the same name as its hero a letter telling her of the forlorn life he was living in his dreary little world, and so moving in its tone that she hunted him up and took him to her home and heart, adopting him as her son. From all that can be learned there seems no question but Miss Lagerlöf is a woman of genius and also of warm and noble sympathies.

* * *

THE STORY OF A GROWING APPETITE FOR BOOKS among the people of San Francisco (rising in renewed vigor from the prostrating calamity of a few years ago) is told in Librarian Watson's latest annual report of the public library of that city. With not more than seventy-six thousand volumes at its disposal, the library circulates each volume more than eight times yearly on an average, while one branch reports an annual circulation of thirteen times for each volume, and another fourteen times. The past year has shown the largest addition to the supply of books in the history of the library, and its present temporary quarters are apparently becoming inadequate at a geometrically progressive rate. All of which speaks well for the city's devotion to the things of intellect. An issue of library bonds to the extent of $1,647,000 was authorized six years ago, and a part of the issue has been made, the proceeds of which have been used in the purchase of land for a new library building that is to cost a million dollars.

* * *

THE PERFORMANCE OF TWO PLAYS OF EURIPIDES, within a few days of each other, in two Massachusetts cities, Boston and Springfield, speaks well for the still undegraded theatrical taste of at least a part of the better-educated public. The Bryn Mawr Club, of Boston, presented on December 10 the "Medea" in Professor Gilbert Murray's English verse translation, and three days later a company of Greek students of the American International College at Springfield played the "Alcestis" in the original Greek. While not attaining to the magnificence and impressiveness of last year's rendering of the "Agamemnon" in the Harvard Stadium — a grandeur less consonant with the more modern-spirited Euripides than with the tragic sublimities of the earlier poet — these two attempts to revive the classic drama of Athens were highly creditable to all concerned, and were well received by appreciative audiences.

FROM LITERARY LONDON.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

The two things that are most interesting the English public since I last wrote are, first, the attempt to purify our literature through a censorship emanating from what are called subscription libraries; and, second, the question of an Academy of Literature.

The first question has arisen in part, no doubt, from genuine remonstrances having been made to these libraries in behalf of parents who think that their children are taking out books that are very bad for them. The whole problem is a difficult one. On the one hand, one does not see that any censorship, especially one coming from the circulating libraries, which in this country are very keen commercial affairs, on a basis of private ownership, would be other than detrimental to good literature.

Four of our great circulating libraries, having an enormous business — not only in this country but in some cases all over the world, — although rivals in everything else, have joined themselves together into a sympathetic union over this question. First, there is Mudie's, a splendidly managed library, founded by the late Mr. Charles Edward Mudie, and now a flourishing company. In one department of this great business you may see huge boxes packed with books to go to India and the British Colonies. These boxes are sent to and fro as systematically as if it were only across the road. Naturally, considerable control is exercised by the library as to the books distributed in this way. The next firm is W. H. Smith & Sons. This company once had at its head Mr. W. H. Smith, who held important posts in several Conservative Governments. The third of these firms is known as Boot's Book-Lovers Library. Mr. Boot was made a knight the other day, and is now Sir Jesse Boot. He has chemist shops all over London, and the happy idea came to him of adding book-lending to medicine-vending; and there is no doubt that the plan has proved a great success. The fourth of these book firms is known as The Times Book Club, a concern already known to American readers through the big fight that raged between "The Times" newspaper and the book publishers when this club was founded, the dispute being over the right of the club to sell the new books that it had purchased at second-hand prices without a certain interval intervening, — a plan obviously disastrous to the booksellers.

These four firms have made the proposal to the book publishers that time should be given to the librarians to examine books before they are taken by the libraries, with the view of discovering if they contain anything either "scandalous," "libellous," or "immoral." The Publishers' Association of London promptly fell into line with this idea; which shows that certain publishers are evidently not connected with that Association — presumably the publishers of

the books aimed at. The Publishers' Association, however, desired to consult the Society of Authors, an organization which undoubtedly has the majority of English authors among its members. The Society of Authors, at their meeting held to discuss the matter, declared that the libraries obviously had the power already to select what books they willed for their customers. The Society declined, however, to accept the condition that the books of their authors should be submitted to any committee of librarians, and indeed described the claim of the libraries as unwarrantable.

Mr. Edmund Gosse wrote a very sensible letter to "The Times" in which he condemned this attempt at censorship on the part of what would be a secret or irresponsible committee. He incidentally declared that in their day Darwin's books would have been impossible under such conditions. Whereupon Mr. John Murray wrote to "The Times" to say that, as the publisher of Darwin's books, he did not think that such works as the "Origin of Species" would have been in any danger. Mr. Murray has a short memory. I recall the days when, in this country at least, Darwin's books were looked upon by more than half the community as emanating direct from hell. I recall that Mr. Mudie, the founder of the Library bearing his name, was a very strong dissenter, who would gladly have burnt Darwin and all his works. But Mr. Mudie was also a shrewd business man, and could not have acted without the coöperation of his competitors.

My own strong feeling regarding the proposed censorship is that the remedy is to be found in the newspapers and not in the libraries. The call for novels is largely based upon reviews, and if a paper denounces any given book as immoral it is sure to have a great sale. It is not the favorable reviews, but the unfavorable, that sell a book, at least in this country. The condemnation of the libraries would serve as an additional advertisement of a bad book. However, we shall await the result of the struggle with no small interest. That some horrid books are now being issued here, is undeniable.

We have also had considerable discussion of the question of a National Academy of Literature. For ages past, English men of letters have hankered after such an institution as they have in France. Matthew Arnold made great fun of the idea in a very clever essay, and it seemed to have quite ceased to be considered. Meanwhile, however, some clever men in the realms of non-imaginative literature have formed an Academy among themselves, which contains some of our ablest writers, — the British Ambassador to America, for example. It is devoted purely to the work of the student, and not to that of the writer who writes because he must, — that is to say, the imaginative artist. The Society calling itself the British Academy has a very energetic secretary in Mr. Israel Gollancz, and has been taking the lead in directions in which I for one cannot see that it has any clear authority. It organized, for example, the Milton Celebration in London; it organized the Tennyson Centenary, and it took in hand the whole arrangements of a funeral service to George Meredith in Westminster Abbey. These activities have awakened a spirit of revolt among our men of letters, — that is to say, among imaginative writers. They assert that a Society which does not admit any of their number into its ranks has no right to assume functions of this character. Tennyson could not have been a member of it; Meredith was not a member. Yet the Society arrogated to itself the task of commemorating these very men. The Society might perhaps justify itself by saying that it only does what there is no one else to do. But the Society of Authors clearly thinks that such things are the especial business of that body. There is no doubt that the Society does number among its subscribers a majority of our English writers. Yet one feels that its membership is made up almost too indiscriminately. Perhaps the ideal Academy would be made by a selection of forty of the most brilliant imaginative writers of the day. But who is to make the selection? The popular verdict could hardly be trusted. Mr. Hall Caine, for example, might be elected a member of such an Academy, because he has thousands of readers, although his books are quite remote from literature. Mr. Maurice Hewlett demands that the Society of Authors should consider the question; but I doubt very much if that would be the best method. It is rather the "critics" of authors than the authors themselves who should have the power of selection; and to that the authors would never submit. Altogether, I do not imagine that a National Academy of Literature is likely to be established in London for many a year to come.

In a recent letter I referred to the Johnson Club in London. I have just come away from a dinner which took place on the anniversary of Dr. Johnson's death, and on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Club's existence. The Club numbers only about thirty members, but its membership has been a very interesting one. Mr. Augustine Birrell, for example, has been an enthusiastic supporter from the beginning, although his duties as a Minister of the Crown have kept him away of late. Sir Henry M. Stanley, the well-known African explorer, was a member; Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who edited the best edition of Boswell's Johnson that has ever been published, was a very regular attendant. Mr. Austin Dobson was a member for some years, until, in fact, he ceased to go out at night. Each member takes his turn in being what is called the "Prior" of the Club. A quite recent Prior was Mr. H. B. Wheatley, who has written some important books on London, and is the editor, preëminently, of Pepys's Diary. The Prior for this year is Mr. Thomas Seccombe, the author of a book called "The Age of Johnson," and one of the ablest of the reviewing staff of the London "Times." Among the visitors to the Club for the evening were Mr. Anthony Hope, Canon

Beeching, and Professor Walter Raleigh. Anthony Hope we all know as a popular novelist; he is also an excellent after-dinner speaker. Canon Beeching, who is a canon of Westminster Abbey, is one of the few men of to-day who are keeping alive the literary traditions of that church which were so pronounced when we had Dean Stanley and Dean Church, to say nothing of Dr. Merivale and Bishop Creighton. It might almost be said that Canon Ainger was the last of the literary clergymen of England; for Canon Beeching, with considerable critical gifts, is but little known to the reading public. The third of our guests, Professor Walter Raleigh, is the son of an eminent Nonconformist Minister, Dr. Alexander Raleigh; he now holds the chair of English Literature at Oxford, and has written books on Milton and Wordsworth that have attracted much attention. But perhaps I have said too much about the Johnson Club and its pleasant gatherings. We meet only three times a year; a paper is read and discussed, and we drink in silence to the memory of "the Master."

The event of the week in which I am writing is the publication of the "Jubilee Number" of the "Cornhill Magazine." The "Cornhill" has existed for fifty years. Thackeray was its first editor; its other editors have included Sir Leslie Stephen, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, and Mr. James Payn. I rather fancy that Mr. Greenwood had some difference of opinion with the publishers of the magazine, Messrs. Smith & Elder, and hence his name is strangely ignored in the volley of congratulations contained in this "Jubilee Number." Mr. Stanley Weyman writes about James Payn; Mr. W. E. Norris writes about Sir Leslie Stephen; while Lady Ritchie, the daughter of Thackeray, writes about her father. There is a poem by Thomas Hardy that has distinct charm. Altogether, the "Cornhill" jubilee is a very notable celebration, because magazines that love to publish literature are becoming more and more uncommon in England. There is a very marked deterioration in this field. Mr. John Murray once had a nice magazine, with good literary matter in it, called "Murray's Magazine." Our other old-time firm, the Longmans, had a magazine called "Longman's Magazine," which also published much good literature. The Macmillans issued a magazine which they called after their name, that had equal merits. All three are dead. "Blackwood's" and "Cornhill" alone survive of all the magazines run by high-class publishers aiming to provide good readable material of the best quality; and I do not believe that either of these has a very large sale. Thackeray boasted of a hundred thousand copies of the earlier numbers of "Cornhill." I am afraid your readers would be astonished if they heard the present-day sales. The fact undoubtedly is that literary taste in this country seems to have deteriorated.

CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

London, December 20, 1909.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY AND SPELLING REFORM.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The pith of Professor Paul Shorey's courteous letter in THE DIAL of December 1 is to be found in his assertion that the amelioration of our spelling cannot be confided solely to profest scholars, learned in the history of English, because it "involves many nice questions of taste, literary feeling, psychology of education, and practical consequences, in the decision of which the judgments of all thoughtful men, whatever their specialties, are entitled to consideration." And with this assertion no friend of a more logical orthography has any desire to quarrel.

By an interesting coincidence, the same number of THE DIAL contained an account of the organization of an American Academy of Arts and Letters, having now forty-five living members. In this article the declaration is made that "the collective distinction of the list is deeply impressive," and that it is "clearly representative of what is best in our intellectual and artistic life." Probably the writer of that article would be ready to admit that men who have been elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters ought to be specially qualified to deal with what Professor Shorey has aptly described as "nice questions of taste" and of "literary feeling."

It may, therefore, be interesting to have it pointed out that six members of the Simplified Spelling Board are also members of the American Academy—Messrs. Clemens, Higginson, Lounsbury, Matthews, Roosevelt, and White. Three other members of the Academy are on record as sympathizing heartily with the effort to better our orthography,—Messrs. Burroughs, Cable, and Howells. This has an obvious significance upon which there is no need to expand.

But what is almost as significant is the fact that at most only one of the twenty other men of letters in this carefully selected group of leaders in the several arts, — only Mr. Lodge, — has publicly expressed his opposition to the progressive simplifying of our spelling. Of course, it may be quite possible that there are others among this silent score of American authors who do not approve of the movement. But if any such there are, they have seen fit to keep their opinions to themselves, for whatever reason. On the other hand, those members of the American Academy who believe that something ought to be done now to make our noble tongue fitter for service thruout the world have not hesitated to stand forward to testify to the faith that is in them.

Professor Shorey does not say in so many words that scholarship in English is a disqualification for advocacy of spelling reform; but he seems to be on the verge of insinuating this. That Professor Lounsbury is tainted by this disqualification, cannot be denied; but it does not attach to Messrs. Burroughs, Cable,

Clemens, Higginson, Howells, Matthews, Roosevelt, and White. Probably even the "professors of dead languages" would admit the right of these members of the American Academy to deal with "nice questions of taste" and of "literary feeling."

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

New York, December 20, 1909.

[It was, of course, the "collective distinction of the list" of "sixty-two names altogether," constituting the total membership of the Academy, that we found to be impressive, — not the half-dozen members who are members also of the Simplified Spelling Board. And we especially emphasized Matthew Arnold's admirable statement of what a real Academy must be, — "an institution which will discourage every orthographical antic, every manifestation of the provincial spirit." — EDR. THE DIAL.]

A LOCALIZED AMERICAN ACADEMY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It is easy to see that an American Academy of Arts and Letters, as outlined in your issue of November 1, may be a useful and authoritative institution, and a vital force in the upbuilding of our higher national life. But there are phases of it that call for thoughtful consideration. It is hard to see how an institution representing one locality, however meritorious it may be, can properly be regarded as a *national* Academy. It is true that for such an institution the best men should be chosen, wherever found; and it may be that the promoters of the Academy have had this principle in mind. If so, their minds afford subject for interesting inquiry. Culture, the pursuit of arts and letters, are commonly believed to tend toward a broadening of view, a correcting of what is narrow and provincial; yet the proverbial inability of New York to see beyond the Hudson River, its *naïve* unconsciousness of the rest of the country, have seldom been more signally displayed.

An inspection of the list of names of the new Academicians, as given in THE DIAL article already referred to, shows that of the sixty-two members about forty (two-thirds of the total membership) are of New York; while of the remaining third, Boston and vicinity have fourteen. Of the eight remaining, Baltimore has two, Philadelphia two, Washington two, and far-off Georgia has one for her beloved "Uncle Remus." *One* membership is thus left for all that is "American" beyond the Eastern seaboard; and this (under the circumstances) rather overwhelming honor goes to Mr. John Muir of California, a man far greater than any distinction like this could make him, but distinguished in science and exploration rather than in arts and letters.

Now my present purpose is not to complain of all this — not to show the suitability of any of the scholars or artists or men of letters in the vast and influential region thus excluded from the ken of culture in the East, or to urge the representation of any of the great universities of the West or the Pacific Slope, — but only to call attention to the facts of the case, leaving others to ponder their significance and to consider whether an "American" Academy can be established on a basis such as is here disclosed.

WILMER O. MARTIN.

Chicago, December 22, 1909.

THE ORIGIN OF "OLD GRIMES."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It is so seldom one finds THE DIAL napping that I am tempted to express my surprise at the note on "Old Grimes" in the last issue. The statements that the origin of the song "is now revealed in Mr. Dwight C. Kilbourn's 'History of the Bench and Bar of Litchfield County, Connecticut,'" and "The authorship of the song is now traced to a source sufficiently distinguished," are made as if they announced a new discovery. As a matter of fact, the authorship of the poem has always, I think, been generally known. Both Duyckinck's "Cyclopedia of American Literature" and Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America" discuss the work of the Honorable Albert G. Greene (not Green, as THE DIAL gives it), and print among their samples of his poetry "Old Grimes," and that other favorite of the earlier school-readers, "The Baron's last Banquet."

> "O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
> Where in his last strong agony a dying warrior lay,
> The stern old Baron Rudiger. . . . "

Several of the more recent handbooks of American literature also perpetuate the memory of "Old Grimes" and its author.

In "Book Notes" for May 30, 1908, Mr. Sidney S. Rider, of Providence, gives two versions of the poem, and reprints an interesting letter from Greene, who says: "It was first published, I think, in 1823, in one of the Providence papers, for which purpose a copy had been requested of me by the editor. In reply to your question respecting the authorship of the stanzas, I answer that the first verse, for aught I know to the contrary, may have been repeated and sung from time immemorial. Whether it formed part of some earlier production now forgotten, or was one of those fragments of verse of which no one can tell the origin or author, I know not. That verse was used as a file-leader for the remainder. . . . I need only add that, with the exception of the first, every line of them was written by myself." Mr. Rider found what he believed to be the first publication of the poem in the "Providence Gazette" for January 16, 1822. As Greene was not born until 1802, the date given in THE DIAL (1812) is surely incorrect.

WILLIAM B. CAIRNS.

University of Wisconsin, December 18, 1909.

The New Books.

Some Evolution House-cleaning.*

The purpose of all scientific investigation is to learn as much as possible about natural phenomena, in order that man may order his life to the best advantage with reference to these phenomena. In carrying out this purpose, science sets before itself the ideal of dealing only with verifiable truth. But in the development of the actual intellectual machinery of investigation (hypotheses, theories, and the like) it results not infrequently that this ideal gets put to one side and for the time being forgotten. Under such circumstances, a great deal of so-called scientific endeavor and speculation comes to deal with "things as they might be" rather than with "things as they are." Nowhere has this been more truly the case than in the study of Organic Evolution.

Darwin and Wallace showed at the outstart how the selection idea might account for many of the observed phenomena of organic nature, and brought forward definite and cogent evidence that selection had really acted to produce certain of these results. This idea of selection developed quickly into certain set formulæ, and much — indeed, most — of the speculation and writing on Evolution up to the present time has concerned itself with the discussion of the probable results of the application of these formulæ to organisms and conditions as they might conceivably be. Thus, the brilliant coloring of certain butterflies has been "explained" as warning coloration, developed by the action of natural selection, to show the birds that prey on butterflies that these particular kinds were not wholesome or palatable, and had therefore better be left strictly alone. Volumes have been written on this subject, and detailed phases of it have called forth as heated discussion as ever did the famous Theory of Tittlebats. Yet practically no one ever took the trouble, or even thought it worth while, to see whether, as a matter of fact, birds do really prey on butterflies to any extent, and whether the effect of the brilliant coloration actually is as it is theoretically supposed to be.

A periodical house-cleaning is just as necessary and just as disagreeable intellectually as it is physically or morally. Mr. Dewar and Mr. Finn have taken it upon themselves to clean up the Evolution house; to throw away the rubbish, and carefully dust and place conspicuously upon the mantel those scientific ideals that have been rather hidden by the large and ill-assorted collection of mental bric-a-brac which the workers in the house have allowed or helped to accumulate. On the whole, these gentlemen make very efficient "help"; they have done their work unusually well.

"The Making of Species" frankly has as its aim the destructive criticism of Neo-Darwinism, — or, as the authors rather curiously prefer to designate this school of thought, "Wallaceism." In particular, the attempt is made to show that the *Allmacht* of Natural Selection, which is the keynote of the Neo-Darwinism position, is in very large degree fanciful rather than real; that it depends on metaphysical speculation rather than on the actual observation of living plants and animals under natural conditions. The method of the book is to bring forward an array of concrete facts observed by the authors themselves in their ornithological studies, or cited from the literature, and then to show that these facts cannot be accounted for by certain existing theories of the method of evolution without straining logic and credulity to an absurd degree. The authors' standpoint and way of proceeding are refreshingly Darwinian.

> "Like Darwin, we welcome all factors which appear to be capable of affecting Evolution. We have no axe to grind in the shape of a pet hypothesis, and consequently our passions are not aroused when men come forward with new ideas seemingly opposed to some which already occupy the field. We recognize the extreme complexity of the problems that confront us. We look facts in the face and decline to ignore any, no matter how ill they fit in with existing theories. We recognize the strength and the weakness of the Darwinian theory."

The first two chapters are introductory and historical, dealing with the rise and development of the theory of Natural Selection and with some of the more important criticisms that have been directed against it during the last fifty years. The next three chapters, on "Variation," "Hybridism," and "Inheritance," contain keen critical discussions of a number of problems and lines of work in the foreground of interest and attention to-day. DeVries's mutation theory, as a general theory of evolution, is criticised, although the great value of his experimental investigations is fully recognized. The discussions of hybridism and inheritance are excellent. A wealth of material regarding hybrids amongst wild forms is presented; nothing could show more convincingly how greatly the importance and generality of the Mendelian principles of

*The Making of Species. By Douglas Dewar and Frank Finn. With fifteen illustrations. New York: John Lane Co.

heredity is exaggerated by some of the more active and zealous investigators in that field.

The next two chapters deal with two of the pet theories dearest to the heart of the orthodox Neo-Darwinian; namely, protective and warning coloration and mimicry on the one hand, and sexual selection on the other hand. The criticisms are sharp and convincing. There can be no doubt that much of the post-Darwinian refinement and extension of theory and speculation on these subjects is utter nonsense, having no relation whatever to the real facts of Nature.

The last chapter gives a very clear and excellent exposition of the factors (and their relative importance and limitations) now known to influence evolution. The authors point out, with entire correctness and justice, that "The real problem is the cause of variations; or, in other words, how species *originate*. At present our knowledge of the causes of variation and mutation is practically *nil*. . . . The future of biology is largely in the hands of the practical breeder."

The worst that can be said of this extremely interesting and stimulating book is that the authors weaken the presentation of their case by the adoption of an unfortunate style of expression. The book was written in a very short time, considering the range and importance of the topics treated, and its tone throughout is rather flippant. It is certain that a more tactful presentation of the criticisms and evidence would have gained for the book much more respectful and immediate consideration by professional biologists. In its earnestness, the diction occasionally gets amusingly turgid. Thus, the following sentence, in its mixture of desperate earnestness and foozled grammar, reminds one of nothing so much as of the small boy who chokes and swallows as he tries to state an important matter with all the force that he can command: "We are endeavoring to save biology in England from committing suicide, to save it from the hands of those into which it has fallen."

RAYMOND PEARL.

A SURVEY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

As its title indicates, the "Manual of American Literature," by Mr. Theodore Stanton, in collaboration with members of the Faculty of Cornell University, is a compendium of material for reference rather than a history of literary development. For more reasons than one, the volume awakens interest. It is "No. 4000" of the Tauchnitz Editions, a "memorial volume" in the well-known Collection of British Authors which, instituted by Baron Tauchnitz in 1841, has now reached the proportions indicated by the number of this issue. Its significance as a "memorial volume," in thus marking a notable turning-point in the enlargement of the series, is emphasized by the fact that "No. 2000" took the form of a volume by Henry Morley upon "English Literature in the Reign of Victoria." No account of literature in America has hitherto appeared in the Collection. The Manual is dedicated "to President Theodore Roosevelt."

The distinctive feature of the work is the plan of arrangement, which presents the nineteenth-century literature in six divisions under the headings, The Historians, The Novelists, The Poets, The Essayists and the Humorists, The Orators and the Divines, and The Scientists; a seventh section is given to the Periodicals. There are obvious advantages in such a plan, and obvious disadvantages. It is adhered to rigidly, not only in cases like those of Emerson and Lowell, who are consequently "split" into essayists and poets, but also with Irving, Poe, and Holmes, who, like a certain noted actress on a well-remembered occasion, are here compelled to appear in three parts. The awkwardness of such an appearance is perhaps less noteworthy than the danger of disproportionate and inconsistent treatment. Take Lowell, for example: the scant single page which barely gives the titles of his prose essays is painfully inadequate, and altogether out of proportion when compared with the seven and a half pages given to Lowell in the chapter on the Poets, even when we note that all biographical data is presented in this latter section. In Irving's case there is considerable repetition in two of the three divisions; in fact the "Knickerbocker History" is successively described as history, fiction, and humorous essay, — which may be altogether proper; but there is something like contradiction in the description of the "Life of Washington" as "monumental" by one writer, and as "the task-work of his declining years" by another. However, this is said not so much by way of criticism as in illustrating the difficulties that attend this method of presentation. As a matter of fact, we think that the authors have kept well together; they have met the difficulties with a degree of success impossible had they not been in constant and close touch with one another. The work is distinctively a product of Cornell

*A MANUAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by Theodore Stanton, M.A., in a collaboration with members of the faculty of Cornell University. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

scholarship. Mr. Stanton is a graduate of that university, and his associates are members of its faculty. This kindred in authorship includes yet more; for the two sections dealing with Colonial Literature and The Revolutionary Period are an abridgment of the masterly work of the late Moses Coit Tyler, formerly a professor at Cornell. It was not only gracefully appropriate thus to join the distinguished name of another Cornellian with the group, but eminently wise and just; for certainly no summary of those periods in our literary history can ever stand except on the foundation of Tyler's work.

The largest section in the Manual is that upon the Novelists, by Professor Clark S. Northup. It is also the most interesting. More than a quarter of the volume is here included, and the list, which begins with Charles Brockden Brown, comprises a hundred and eighty names; yet Professor Northup is discriminating and concise in his commentary. In view of the great and rapid growth of fiction in this generation, it is surprising to note that one of the earliest of American novels, the crude and sentimental "Charlotte Temple" (1790), has survived its century of life through more than a hundred editions, its last appearance having been in 1905. In his account of the beginnings, Mr. Northup does not include Sarah Morton's "Power of Sympathy" (1789), which sometimes figures as the first American novel, although suppressed previous to publication. The much-discussed authorship of two conspicuously successful American novels is definitely settled in these pages. It is announced authoritatively that Professor Henry Adams, the historian, is the author of "Democracy" (1880), and that John Hay wrote "The Bread-Winners" (1883).

In the remaining divisions of the book we have the Historians, presented by Dr. Isaac Madison Bentley; the Essayists and the Humorists, by Professor Elmer James Bailey. The section on the Poets, and that on the Orators and the Divines, are by Professor Lane Cooper. Professor Northup provides the section on the Scientists, and that on the Periodicals. The latter is, necessarily, much condensed, and will doubtless seem meagre to American readers. It must give THE DIAL a feeling of loneliness to find that it is about the only Western periodical of which Professor Northup is aware. Had he consulted Mr. Herbert Fleming's very complete monograph on this subject (published by the University of Chicago), this section would probably have been considerably expanded.

W. E. SIMONDS.

GREEK CULTURE AND MODERN LIFE.*

If experience qualifies one to give counsel, the cause of Greek studies would look far to find two better fitted advocates than the authors of the two volumes before us. Each has devoted to that cause more than half a century of unbroken activity, and each has been peculiarly successful in bringing his own life into vital contact with the deepest currents of Greek life which have come down to us through the souls of men, as well as with the more external remainders of Greek civilization.

The three chapters of Professor Gildersleeve's little volume entitled "Hellas and Hesperia" were delivered as lectures before the University of Virginia, on the Barbour-Page foundation. An old man thus returning to the home of his scholastic youth must naturally be less formal than under other circumstances; and this fact gives to his words a personal touch which can only enhance their value to those who have been fortunate enough to know him, though it may result in some disappointment to persons who open the volume in search of so thorough and logical a defence of Greek studies as a man of the author's attainments might present. As to a formal plea for Greek, he begs to be excused. "If the study is doomed, let it die. Living is the test of vitality. . . . If classical culture has outlived its usefulness; if its teachers are squeaking and gibbering ghosts and not real men, let in the light, turn on the current and have done with it." One recalls the spirited words put into the mouth of the aged Cato by Cicero: "That is a wretched old age indeed which must defend itself by argument." The "cubic contents" of Greek studies, Professor Gildersleeve reminds us, are greater now than in past generations; by which he means, of course, that the actual number so engaged is larger than before, in spite of the fact that they do not constitute so large a proportion of the entire body of students and scholars. The American, he holds, is essentially the Greek of the modern world. "Our keenness and directness, our audacity, our inventiveness, our light-hearted acceptance of the shifts of fortune," are qualities which peculiarly fit us to appreciate the life of ancient Greece and draw both profit and

* HELLAS AND HESPERIA; or, the Vitality of Greek Studies in America. By Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, Professor of Greek in the Johns Hopkins University. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

WHAT HAVE THE GREEKS DONE FOR MODERN CIVILIZATION? The Lowell Lectures of 1908–1909. By John Pentland Mahaffy, D.C.L., of Trinity College, Dublin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

pleasure from a first-hand acquaintance therewith. Dr. Gildersleeve's kindly humor, of course, pervades every paragraph. That will never depart until pen and tongue are stilled forever.

Professor Mahaffy's Lowell Lectures on "What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization" are naturally more formal. In various important fields of human effort — prose and poetry, architecture and sculpture, painting and music, logic, mathematics, medicine, politics, law, philosophy, etc., — he points out the achievements of the Greeks and the direct or indirect relation of those achievements to modern efforts in the same lines. In general, this work is well and carefully done; but we note a tendency unduly to depreciate the work of the Romans by way of comparison. Of course no Latinist denies the general artistic superiority of the Greek, through which he "took his fierce Roman conqueror captive," but that is a very superficial view of the evidence which fails to recognize that the Romans added substantial and valuable qualities of their own to all their borrowings from Greece, qualities without which modern life would have lost very heavily in its lessons from the ancient Mediterranean civilizations. It is not necessary to attempt here any *resumé* of Professor Mahaffy's arguments, since intelligent readers are already aware of the general trend which such a discussion must take. Perhaps many would be surprised to read some of the definite information which he gives as to the extent of Greek achievement in the field of higher mathematics. The present writer once heard a famous platform lecturer, the head of an educational institution in an Eastern city, assert to a body of students in a preparatory school that they knew more of science and mathematics than any of the ancient Greeks and Romans! Few, of course, are as ignorant of the facts as that, but not many are aware how far one would have to go to pass the northernmost igloos of a Euclid, an Apollonius of Perga, an Hipparchus, or a Diophantus, in the polar latitudes of mathematics. The average modern student preparing for such a feat would certainly find it necessary to dispense with many of the customary accoutrements of current college life and load his sledges with a high quality of intellectual pemmican instead.

In discussing the subject of Greek music, Professor Mahaffy assumes that the idea of Greek educators that the practice of music has a direct and powerful effect upon the morals of average men is entirely foreign to modern thought. We have no sufficient acquaintance with modern musical literature to say whether this idea has had any very general discussion, but we have heard it put forth orally too often to believe that it can be as foreign to modern thought as he imagines. In fact, when we consider how readily certain types of music appeal to certain moods of mind, it would seem an inevitable conclusion that either elevating or degrading moral effects must be produced by this means under appropriate conditions. Who does not know how readily, in the field of church music, almost an entire audience may be jarred out of a spiritual frame of mind by some misplaced effort of organist or choir?

Professor Mahaffy is too plain-speaking a man to be insincere in his assertion that he found during his visit to America a far more hopeful situation with regard to Greek than he had expected. And we are glad that he was not afraid, within such close proximity to Harvard Square, to allude to the part of Harvard University itself in making the situation as bad as it is. We can do no better in closing than to quote the final sentence of our author's peroration:

"So now, when my part in the race is nearly run, there remains to me no higher earthly satisfaction than this, that I have carried the torch of Greek fire alight through a long life — no higher earthly hope than this, that I may pass that torch to others, who in their turn may keep it aflame with greater brilliancy perhaps, but not with more earnest devotion, 'in the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.'"

W. H. Johnson.

New Revealments of Shelley.*

Seldom has the foolishness of prophesying been better illustrated than by Matthew Arnold's famous dictum of three decades ago: "I doubt whether Shelley's delightful Essays and Letters will not resist the wear and tear of time better and finally come to stand higher than his poetry."

Certainly, we welcome gladly a collection of Shelley letters which includes thirty-eight entirely new ones, besides nearly fifty containing hitherto unpublished matter. Yet our enthusiasm is mild compared with what we should feel at the announcement of an equal number of fresh Shelley poems. However, a comparison of this kind is quite unnecessary; and we would not belittle what we now have, after eighty-seven years of waiting — a chronological and systematic arrangement of material which hitherto it has been necessary to seek through numer-

* The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Collected and edited by Roger Ingpen. With illustrations. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ous fragmentary and scattered volumes, the whole collection of old and new amounting to about four hundred and eighty letters, or nearly three times as many as any one previous work has contained. Moreover, the compact biographical sketches of Shelley's numerous friends and correspondents are of the greatest service in putting the reader *en rapport* with his environment; the illustrations are mostly new, and the whole work of editing is admirably done.

Naturally, the volume is richer in biographical than in critical interest. Concerning the moods, the motives, the impulses and surroundings that influenced the production of special poems, Shelley has little to say in these letters. But Mary Shelley's Notes to the early editions of the poems have made these as well known as any such matter can ever be made known to an outsider. What we do get, and are heartily glad to get, is considerable light upon two fundamental principles that perpetually challenge discussion in the career of Shelley. To enter fully into his attitude of mind on these two points is absolutely necessary if anyone is to justify or even endure his course of conduct as a man, however he may be esteemed as a poet. These principles were: (1) Opinion should be absolutely free; therefore no man should be arraigned by his fellow-men for any opinion. (2) Resolutely and consistently to act according to his own opinion is the duty of every man, and is the way in which he can best serve his fellow-men. To read the group of letters written by Shelley to his publisher and to other friends in the last month of the year 1817, when a young man of twenty-five, unknown to fame and seeking to get a poem of twelve cantos into print, is to realize the stuff of which he was made. "Laon and Cythna"— so the poem was called — so far outran the bounds of discretion in its utterances, moral, political, and theological, as to terrify the publisher and cause him to threaten to withdraw it after only three copies had been printed. Although he had no hope of another publisher, Shelley for a long time refused to alter a line of the poem. His eloquent letter of protest against the intended injustice of suppressing the book after it had been printed, brought the publisher down to Marlow; a personal conference resulted in the cancelling of some pages, the altering of others, and the final publication of the poem as "The Revolt of Islam." The transaction is brought into high relief by placing the vigorous letters written at this period to different persons side by side, as well as by the addition of one entirely new letter. Thomas Moore had written kindly and encouragingly to the young author, and this was his reply:

"The present edition of 'Laon and Cythna' is to be suppressed, and it will be republished in about a fortnight under the title of 'The Revolt of Islam,' with some alterations which consist in little else than the substitution of the words *friend* and *lover* for that of *brother* and *sister*. The truth is that the seclusion of my habits has confined me so much within the circle of my own thoughts that I have formed to myself a very different measure of approbation or disapprobation for actions than that which is in use among mankind; and the result of that peculiarity, contrary to my intention, revolts and shocks many who might be inclined to sympathize with me in my general views. As soon as I discovered that this effect was produced by the circumstance alluded to, I hastened to cancel it — not from any personal feeling of terror or repentance, but from the sincere desire of doing all the good and conferring all the pleasure which might flow from so obscure a person as myself. I don't know why I trouble you with these words, but your kind approbation of the opening of the Poem has emboldened me to believe that the account of my motives might interest you."

Five years earlier than this, Shelley, at the age of twenty, wrote thus to an unknown correspondent:

"No human being is a member of the community, not as a limb is a member of the body, or as what is part of a machine, intended only to contribute to some general joint result. He was created not to be merged in the whole as a drop in the ocean, or as a particle of sand on the sea-shore, and to aid only in comprising a man. He is an ultimate being, made for his own perfection as his highest end, made to maintain an individual existence, and to serve others only so far as consists with his own virtue and progress. . . . Nothing seems to me so needful as to give the mind the consciousness — which governments have done so much to suppress — of its own separate work. Let the individual feel that he is placed in the community not to part with his individuality, or to become a tool. To me, the progress of society consists in nothing more than in bringing out the individual, in giving him a consciousness of his own being, and in quickening him to strengthen and elevate his mind.

"No man, I affirm, will serve his fellow-beings so effectually, so fervently, as he who is not their slave, — as he who, casting off every yoke, subjects himself to the law of duty in his own mind. For this law enjoins a disinterested and generous spirit. Individuality, or moral self-subsistence, is the secret foundation of an all-comprehending love. No man so multiplies his bonds with the community as he who watches most jealously over his own perfection. There is a beautiful harmony between the good of the State and the moral freedom and dignity of the individual. Were it not so, were these interests in any case discordant, were an individual ever called to serve his country by acts debasing his own mind, he ought not to waver a moment as to the good which he should prefer. Property, life, he should joyfully surrender to the State. But his soul he must never stain or enslave."

On the great *crux* of Shelley biography — his elopement with Mary Godwin while still in apparently friendly relations with his wife Harriet — more opportunities than ever before in one place are offered for individual judgment. Harriet's letters to Mrs. Nugent, soon after the event, are collected in an Appendix; and we know her view of the case as well as his. It becomes, indeed, far less easy to justify Shelley, or to endorse Dowden's opinion: "It is evident that in May, 1814 (the elopement took place in the July following), Harriet had assumed an attitude of hard alienation towards her husband who pleaded with almost despairing hope for the restoration of her love." It is true that Shelley left home and went to London about this time; yet it looks like anything but "hard alienation" when we find that there was a continual correspondence kept up, — that on one occasion, four days having elapsed without a letter from Shelley, Harriet wrote an appealing letter to his publisher, saying, "It seems an age since I heard from him. . . . If I do not hear from you or from him I shall come to London. I cannot endure this dreadful state of suspense."

That she never intended to alienate herself from Shelley is plain from her pathetic account to Mrs. Nugent, and the desperate eagerness with which she seeks to shield Shelley by placing the blame elsewhere.

"Mr. Shelley has become profligate and sensual, owing entirely to Godwin's 'Political Justice.' The very great evil that book has done is not to be told. . . . He cares not for me now. He never asks after me, or sends me word how he is going on. . . . Oh! if you knew what I have suffered, your heart would drop blood for my miseries."

With as much of the evidence before us as we are ever likely to have on the "Harriet question," it seems high time to banish at least one cruel injustice. Many of Shelley's biographers have placed the blame of separation on Harriet's unfaithfulness. The evidence of this vanishes into less than nothing, since it comes from prejudiced parties; and there is a good deal in disproof. Shelley's only justification, if justification there be, must be found in his views of marriage, as expressed in "Queen Mab" and often in his letters. Very early he had become a disciple of Godwin, and had accepted entirely Godwin's belief that "The institution of marriage is a system of fraud. . . . Marriage is a law, and the worst of laws." Shelley greatly desired the union of his friend Hogg with his beloved sister Elizabeth; yet he wrote to Hogg:

"*Matrimony*, I know, is a word dear to you; does it vibrate in unison with the hidden strings of rapture — awaken divine anticipation? Is it not the most horrible of all the means which the world has had recourse to, to bind the noble to itself? Yet this is the subject of her constant and *printed* panegyric. It is in vain that I seek to talk to her [Elizabeth]. It is in vain that I represent, or rather endeavor to represent, the futility of the world's opinion."

The last words explain much of Shelley, and of his conduct, which at least was founded upon conviction. The "futility of the world's opinion" carried no restraint with him; if he loved another person more, marriage was no reason for remaining with one less loved.

In general it may be said of these letters that they do not materially alter our impressions of Shelley's character. The qualities of decision, promptness of resource and action, of generosity, of self-forgetful interest in others, general kindliness, and courtesy, come out with increased force. A new light seems thrown upon him in the capacity of a business man. We see him negotiating, transacting, advising, controlling, treating the business of life in a business-like way, though not blind to the fact that he was unconscionably "worked" by the insatiable Godwin. In one of the last letters he ever wrote, he said: "I have been long firmly persuaded that all the money advanced to Godwin, so long as he stands engaged in business, is absolutely thrown away."

Shelley's religion, or absence of religion, has been so often discussed, his belief in immortality has been so often denied, that we cannot refrain from quoting one very explicit statement in a letter dated 1811:

"Shall we sink into the nothing from which we have arisen? But could we have arisen from nothing? We put an acorn into the ground. In process of time it modifies the particles of earth, air, and water, by infinitesimal division, so as to produce an oak. That power which makes it to be this oak we may call its *vegetative principle*, symbolizing with the animal principle, or soul of animated existence. An hundred years pass. The oak moulders in putrefaction — it ceases to be what it is; its *soul* is gone. Is soul then annihilable? Yet one of the properties of animal soul is consciousness of identity. If this is destroyed, in consequence the *soul* (whose essence this is) must perish. But as I conceive (and as is certainly capable of demonstration) that nothing can be annihilated, but that everything appertaining to nature, consisting of constituent parts infinitely divisible, is in a continual change, then do I suppose — and I think I have a right to draw this inference — that neither will soul perish; that in a future existence it will lose all consciousness of having formerly lived elsewhere, — will begin life anew, possibly under a shape of which we have now no idea. But we have no right to make hypotheses — this is not one; at least I flatter myself that I have kept clear of the supposition."

ANNA BENNESON MCMAHAN.

RECENT FICTION.*

Ann Veronica is a young woman who chafes under the conditions which life would impose upon her. She lives in a suburb with her father, a prosperous man of affairs in the City, and a maiden aunt who cherishes sentimental memories. There are brothers and sisters, but they are married or otherwise away, and do not count. Ann Veronica studies biology in a London school, and her father shakes his head at the presumably godless character of her instruction. She also gets unconventional ideas from a little group of art students with whom she mingles. She is a restless girl, who is ambitious to "live her own life," and is refreshingly free of speech. "Damn!" "Oh, cuss it!" and "That's the devil of it," may be offered as selected quotations. No wonder her lover remarks, "You *do* use vile language" — not reprovingly, but as a statement of objective fact. But this is anticipatory; for when we meet her, she has no lover, although she yearns for one. A domestic crisis is reached when her father forbids her to go to a costume ball given by her art student friends. She plans to go just the same, if for nothing more than to assert her rights as an individual; but is caught escaping from the house, and ignominiously locked up in her room. This is "tu mutch," and she flees

*ANN VERONICA. A Modern Love-Story. By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE FAITH OF HIS FATHERS. A Story of Some Idealists. By A. E. Jacomb. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

BELLA DONNA. A Novel. By Robert Hichens. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

BRONSON OF THE RABBLE. By Albert E. Hancock. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

MY LADY OF THE SOUTH. A Story of the Civil War. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE MOVING OF THE WATERS. A Novel. By Jay Cady. New York: The John McBride Co.

THE TREASURE. By Paul W. Eaton. New York: R. R. Fenno & Co.

THROUGH THE WALL. By Cleveland Moffett. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE SILVER HORDE. A Novel. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Brothers.

to London in outraged dignity. Taking cheap lodgings, she sets about "living her own life" in fact, and discovers it to be a difficult matter. Her services do not seem to be greatly desired, and she finally borrows forty pounds from an elderly stockbroker with bulging eyes who professes solicitude for her welfare. He naturally expects payment after the fashion of his kind; and this episode leads to a scene in a *cabinet particulier* which is — well, we hesitate to say what it is, beyond expressing the opinion that it goes beyond what is legitimate in decent fiction. With the borrowed money, Ann Veronica pays her fees in the laboratory, and persues her studies under the direction of a young biologist named Capes, who has a wife and a shady past. She concludes that she is in love with him, and, nothing abashed, tells him so. He makes difficulties, still having some sparks of decency in his nature; but she is determined, and off they go to Switzerland. Meanwhile, Ann Veronica's experience with the stockbroker has aroused an indignation that must find vent somehow, and the thing nearest at hand for Ann Veronica is to beceme a suffragette, which she does so successfully that she is soon enjoying a fortnight of enforced seclusion from the world. Then comes the Swiss escapade with its delirious joys. And finally, skipping several years, we are given an epilogue showing the couple living happily together as Mr. and Mrs. Capes. We infer from this that the former Mrs. Capes has made some sort of an end, although the author delicately refrains from mentioning the fact. Capes, who has deserted biology, is now a prosperous dramatist. Meeting his father-in-law one day, he introduces himself and invites him to dinner. The affair goes off very well, and when their guest has departed, Ann Veronica says to her husband:

"To think that is my father! Oh, my dear! He stood over me like a cliff; the thought of him nearly turned me aside from everything we have done, He was the social order; he was law and wisdom. And they come here, and they look at our furniture to see if it is good; and they are not glad, it does not stir them, that at last, at last we can dare to have children."

The modern young woman is a restless creature, no doubt, and Mr. Wells knows some things about her. But if we thought him serious in offering this particular specimen for our approval, we should straightway, in preference, declare for the young women of Jane Austen's world. They at least recognized something higher than the law of individual impulse. But we cannot take Mr. Wells very seriously, or find much more than good fun in his account of Ann Veronica. We should have to call this his latest story one of the most immoral, if it were not obviously one of the larkiest, of books.

An instructive contrast to Mr. Wells's audacity of invention is provided by Mr. A. E. Jacomb's "The Faith of His Fathers," which is also a story of revolt, — a plea for the claims of the new generation against the crusted prejudices of the old, — but is conceived in a spirit of sympathy and reverence, not one of scorn and recklessness. The revolt which it portrays is a reaction against the drab puritanism which frowns upon all pleasure as sinful, which holds in dark suspicion every natural motion of the human spirit toward light and cheer. It is a novel of provincial England, dated, we should say, some time ago, although survivals of the austere and dogmatic idealism which supplies its motive may possibly yet be found in out-of-the-way communities. Here is a father, a leader of some such narrow sect as the Plymouth Brethren, unswervingly conscientious in his own light, who well-nigh ruins the lives of his children by the sternness of his discipline. The son, forced to marry the girl whom he has seduced, drags out a wretched life which ends in crime and a prison sentence. The daughter, forbidden to marry the man she loves because he does not accept the tenets of the sect, is made miserable by the interposition of this unreal obstacle in the path of her happiness, and asserts her rights as an individual only at the cost of family estrangement. Even the long-suffering wife gives way in the end, and, after a lifetime of self-repression, turns upon her husband, saying, "I hate you! I hate you and your religion!" But we, seeing with more objective eyes the man who has wrought all this calamity, cannot withhold a considerable measure of sympathy from one who is so sincere, even if so intellectually at fault. He stands unshaken, a sort of minor replica of Ibsen's "Brand," as the moral avalanche for which he is responsible descends upon him, and his uncompromising fortitude makes of him the one heroic figure of the narrative. Throughout this conflict of ideals there is always recognized the principle, of which we can find no evidence in the conflict of "Ann Veronica," that the controlling force in every soberly-ordered life must be something more deserving of respect than the individual will, something that bears a higher mandate than even the most passionate desire for personal happiness. The man who forsakes "the faith of his fathers" is bound to see to it that the substitute he provides is no less morally effective, and is something more than a mere cloak for self-indulgence.

The atmosphere of Egyptian life is reproduced for us with quite extraordinary effect by Mr. Robert Hichens in his latest novel. In this respect, a comparison with Mr. Hall Caine's efforts, or even with those of Sir Gilbert Parker, is so far in favor of the author of "Bella Donna" as to make such books as "The White Prophet" and "The Weavers" seem garish and tawdry. But we can hardly call it a pleasant tale for which Mr. Hichens has provided so wonderful a setting. A woman whose past is more than dubious, but who has the power to affect injured innocence, is looking about London society for a new victim, and finds him in the person of an idealist of quixotic temperament, whose chivalrous instincts are so aroused by the slanders heaped upon her that he asks her to become his wife. This is precisely her game; for her affairs are desperate,

and he is, besides, an excellent *parti*, being the prospective heir to a title and estates. It so happens that his work is in Egypt — a work of agricultural reclamation — and thither he takes his bride. His friends, meanwhile, are aghast at the way in which he has been duped, and one of them, a keen-sighted physician, determines to keep his eyes open. The scene now shifts to Egypt, where the discomforts of existence makes it hard for the wife to keep up the deception of even so credulous a person as her husband. When his prospects of a title vanish, she becomes reckless and throws herself into the arms of a native potentate, whose sensual nature matches her own, and who is the possessor of great wealth. Keeping up the pretence of wifely devotion, she not only betrays her husband, but sets about getting rid of him by means of poison, slowly and subtly administered. His robust health breaks down under the treatment, and he is almost at the point of death when the physician friend (whose suspicions have become aroused), journeys post-haste from the Thames to the Nile, takes a hand in the plot, rescues the man, and opens his eyes to the doings of the would-be murderess. Finally, poetic justice is satisfied when the latter flies to her Egyptian lover, only to be spurned by him as a cast-off toy. It is not, as we said before, a pleasant story; but it is one of vivid description and characterization, and of marked power to hold the interest.

Mr. Albert E. Hancock is the author of "Bronson of the Rabble," a historical novel of early American life, covering the period from the War of 1812 to the first election of President Jackson. The hero is a youth of the people — "the rabble," as it is contemptuously styled in the circles of wealth and breeding — who distinguishes himself in the Battle of Lake Erie, and afterwards becomes a political leader and newspaper editor in Philadelphia. His story, although not devoid of the private and sentimental interest which readers have a right to expect, is essentially a portrayal of American life in its formative stage, in the period which witnessed the emergence of democracy from a society that had been mainly controlled by aristocratic ideals and influences. The author is almost fiercely partisan in championship of the new spirit then making itself felt, and takes a whack at the Federalists upon every possible occasion. He has only words of praise for the war in which America took the part of the arch-enemy of liberty, and only scorn for the movement which led to the Hartford Convention. He carries contempt for John Quincy Adams to an extreme, and accepts the legend of the "corrupt bargain" whereby Jackson was defeated in 1824. The triumph of democracy four years later is the climax of the novel. While we think Mr. Hancock's view unfairly colored by prejudice, we cannot deny the vigor and interest of his work, or the unusual character of his historical and antiquarian equipment. His book is fairly comparable with the works of his fellow-townsman, Dr. Weir Mitchell, for knowledge and sound literary workmanship.

"My Lady of the South," by Mr. Randall Parrish, provides a sort of complement to "My Lady of the North," by the same novelist. Hero and heroine are merely reversed in their sympathies, and otherwise the stock situation is the same. It is a situation of perennial interest to American readers, and in the hands of as capable an entertainer as Mr. Parrish it requires no apology for another treatment. The present story is compactly knit, and the entire action covers only a few days, all spent in and around an old Kentucky home. The heroine is about to be forced into a distasteful marriage, when the hero appears, and, under cover of darkness, passes himself off as the bridegroom, contracting a midnight marriage. The obvious difficulties of this situation are ingeniously met, and we are prepared for the *éclaircissement* and the softening of the young woman's rebel heart. Days of excitement follow, for the house becomes a scene of raids and forays, of excursions and alarms, during which both hero and heroine exchange several times the characters of captor and captive. There are secret tunnels in which mysterious murders take place, and there is a concealed family maniac to account for these deeds of blood. There is also a feud, of which the dramatic possibilities are exploited to exciting effect. The story is as good as the best that the author has ever given us.

The simple and appealing tale of a baby foundling, whose parentage is at last happily discovered, is told by Mr. Jay Cady in "The Moving of the Waters." It is a tale of the Mississippi, and the child grows up in the rude house-boat of a wooden-legged fisherman. One day she flags a train that is rushing to distruction, and thereby becomes a heroine in the literal sense. This brings her into notice, and sets in action the machinery whereby her secret is disclosed. It also provides a suitable hero in the person of the young physician who looks after her when she is injured in her life-saving adventure. The scene then shifts to St. Louis, where the threads of the mystery are gradually untangled. There are several quaint and lovable characters, besides those already mentioned, and the whole story is delicate in feeling and charming in sentiment.

Tales of treasure-hunting have a perennial charm. The tale called "The Treasure," which Mr. Paul W. Eaton has provided for our delectable excitement, is concerned with no less a booty than the pirate hoard of Captain Kidd, which was buried by the redoubtable buccaneer upon one of the islands in Casco Bay. The inevitable manuscript provides a clue to the hiding-place, but there is a rival claimant in the person of one of Kidd's descendants, who has allied himself with an Englishman, a pirate himself, but posing as a British privateersman in the War of 1812. Thus history is interwoven with romance, and we are regaled, among other matters, with an account of the burning of Washington by the British in 1814. It is a fairly well-written yarn, which brings the villain to a suitable end, and the heroine to her lover's arms. But the treasure, to our regret, goes to the bottom of the Atlantic.

If anything is equal to a good story about pirates and buried treasure, it is a good detective story; and Mr. Cleveland Moffett has written one of the best that have come to us in recent years. It is a Parisian tale, much after the manner of Gaboriau, and deals with the unmasking of an arch-villain of wealth so enormous that he is able to control the very machinery of justice, and thwart the detective-hero at every turn. He knows that Paul Coquenil is the only man whom he has to fear, and attempts, by flattering offers from South America, to secure his removal from the scene. But Paul refuses the bait, after nibbling at it, and remains in Paris, to the discomfiture of the criminal, after the wits of the two have been pitted against each other in a long game of check and countercheck. "Through the Wall" is the title of this exciting and absorbing tale.

"The Silver Horde" which supplies the motive of Mr. Rex Beach's latest Alaskan story, is a picturesque designation of the salmon that congest the northern rivers at a certain season of the year. The hero, who has been down and out for some time, finds new opportunity beckoning to him in the shape of a cannery, and proceeds to organize a company and lay plans for the acquisition of the fortune that shall win for him the love of the girl to whose service he has long been devoted. She is the daughter of a Chicago magnate who at just this time is organizing a trust to control all the salmon fisheries of the Pacific Coast. This brings the hero and his prospective father-in-law into violent collision, and the warfare that follows makes up the substance of the story. The hero is successful, of course, after overcoming exaggerated and incredible obstacles, but in the progress of these events his affections are transferred to a young woman of somewhat dubious past, whom he meets in Alaska, and whose loyal support and self-sacrifice are the most important factors in his triumph. The story is highly-colored melodrama, violent in action, and with little claim to serious consideration. It presents certain phases of the rough Alaskan life with vivid forcefulness, but of the finer graces of fictive art it is wholly innocent.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A quiet book for quiet people.

A quiet man's book for quiet people appears from Mr. E. M. Martin's pen under the pleasantly alliterative title, "Wayside Wisdom" (Longmans). Availing himself of the intimate essayist's privilege, the author speaks throughout in the first person singular, and reveals himself with some distinctness to the reader in the end. He appears to us as a book-loving bookseller, printing in the back of his house the volumes he sells in the front, — a disciple of William Morris, one conjectures, and making a fine art out of what would else be a trade. But there is little of bookishness in his chapters, which deal with such matters as old superstitions, rural life, the advantages of poverty, the smoke of cities, travelling, being in love, the vanity of learning, living alone, growing old, death, and a few others. The chapter on "Some Old Superstitions" makes the oldest of these to be the superstitions of sound. One would have said the visible ghost, the apparition, was older than "the calling voices." But who knows? In connection with solitary living, the author quotes from an unnamed source: "Silent men are kings, for they rule over a great country where none can follow them." But the assertion that follows, a little later, that "it is a law of our being that we live alone," must refer to spiritual solitude, not physical. The very first essay, on "Wayside Wisdom," quotes the contemptuous definition of proverbs ("milestones on the pathway of fools") only to dissent from it, very properly. The writer's style is agreeable and fluent. On the opening page stands a little example of perversity that is often met with in current literature. Why will writers use "still less" for "still more," and *vice versa*? Here is the sentence: "There is a grace, even a virtue, in doing nothing; but so unaccustomed are we to its practice, still less its praise, that at first this very old truth sounds like some new thing." Six of the essays have already appeared in "The Gentleman's Magazine" (one of the six being rewritten for the book), and the remaining eleven are new.

"Old Pepys" in new lights.

Pepys's Diary will always be the best commentary on its author; whatever others say can be based only on that most fascinating of self-revealing documents. So when Mr. E. Hallam Moorehouse writes on "Samuel Pepys, Administrator, Observer, Gossip" (Dutton), he puts before us when he can the Pepys of the Diary, and when he cannot he has to be content with the formal documents consciously prepared for publication. The book aims to give the domestic and historical setting in which Pepys's activity was placed, and in this it forms a useful commentary on the Diary. It does not take its place — no work could do that — but it forms a very good introduction; it enables one unfamiliar with the events and persons of the time to read the work itself with greater intelligence. The author has caught Pepys's spirit admirably; in fact, in his zeal as Pepys's defender he seems to exaggerate the unfavorable criticism on the poor sinner, as if we were all Puritans and there were to be no more cakes and ale. The charming *naïveté* of the man goes far to atone for his embracing Deb Willet; and surely his repentance should cause him to find favor in the sight of the most proper individual, when he could as a light affliction endure Will Hewer, his wife's authorized detective, who "goes up and down with me like a jaylour, but yet with great love and to my good liking it being my desire above all things to please my wife therein." Mr. Moorehouse brings out in a very favorable and just light Pepys's fine administrative ability, his splendid showing before the

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House of Commons, his remarkably effective work as Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty in conducting the affairs of the navy, drawing for this upon the Diary and official documents. And there is, too, the Pepys of the *Bibliotheca Pepysiana*, that graces and enriches Magdalen College, Cambridge. But above all is the inimitable gossip, who prattles about all sorts of persons, from the servant whom he was seen to kick, to his chief whom he righteously reproves and his king of whom he sincerely disapproves; he is introduced to us here that we may go to the Diary to know him as we can know few men, as we hardly dare know ourselves.

The white man's burden, and its galling curse.

That "the white man's burden" galls, is often evident. The willingness to assume it has never been more notably shown than by Britain. The needs of British trade lie in the direction of the policy of burden-assumption. Exploitation and elevation — at least in theory — go hand in hand; and wherever we find the white man taking up his burden and working the lower races for his profit and their welfare, we also find chafing and sores. Just now, South Africa presents serious problems. What is to be done with the native? How is he to be worked? How is he to be protected? How can he be worked and still protected? To such problems the work on "South African Natives" (Dutton) is devoted. In South Africa are tribes so badly needing elevation that for their uplift Britain has taken possession. True, the land offered agricultural opportunity, and mines of gold and diamonds. In assuming the burden, and incidentally getting the land and mines, there has been injustice to the natives; there always is. And hence there is the South African Races Committee, composed of estimable gentlemen who have some conscience. They acquiesce in the necessity of burden-bearing, but desire to reduce the native suffering and the overlord's injustice to a minimum. Their Report discusses such topics as The Labor Question, Land Tenure, Taxation, Administration, Legal Status, Education, The Ethiopian Movement. The need of a watchful committee is amply demonstrated by the facts presented and the discussion of them. Within a few decades the Bantu native, well adapted to and fairly utilizing his environmental resources, has been dispossessed. He can no longer gain a living in his own natural and simple fashion; he must be so managed and manipulated as to supply a continuous and usable labor force for mine and farm; where his fathers were owners, he may no longer hold land, or only under strange and new restraints; he is subject to heavy taxation, often amounting to coercion to labor for the benefit of aliens — for his own elevation, of course; his legal status is uncertain, often disadvantageous; his education but qualifies him the better to serve his overlords. These and many other interesting facts emerge from the careful reading of this Report, which on the whole is optimistic regarding the future. Not the least interesting chapter deals with "The Ethiopian Movement." In the native churches, in the section of population most tolerant of and affected by ameliorative influences, signs of revolt appear. Even the Christian natives are becoming restless, and prefer to elevate themselves rather than to be further elevated. Probably the political significance of the "movement" has been exaggerated (as is here claimed); but it is an interesting symptom, encouraging and wholesome, though not reassuring to the burden-bearing white man.

Chapters of New York's early history.

The trading-post established by the Dutch on the island of Manhattan, at the mouth of the Hudson River, in 1610–13, presented to the student some interesting phases of colonial history in the seventeenth century, and before the settlement began to give any sign or promise of ever becoming one of the world's great cities. Not until 1633 was it regarded as of sufficient importance to receive the name of New Amsterdam. Twenty years later it acquired a form of municipal government from Governor Stuyvesant, who in 1664 surrendered the city to Governor Nicolls of New England; and its name was changed to New York. In 1673 the city was recaptured by the Dutch as an incident of the war between France and England and Holland, and its name was again changed, this time to New Orange. It was restored to England by the Treaty of Westminster the following year, and resumed its former name of New York. It received, in 1686, the famous Dongan Charter, which was the basis of a plan of government for the great city which it has since become. Within a few years, and before the close of the seventeenth century, at the time of the accession of William and Mary, it was the scene of an effort to establish popular government, led by Jacob Leisler, which resulted in the execution of Leisler and one of his supporters on the charge of high treason. Such, in outline, are the materials for Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's "History of the City of New York in the Seventeenth Century" (Macmillan), a work in two volumes, aggregating nearly twelve hundred pages, and illustrated by two frontispiece maps. The volumes treat of "New Amsterdam" and "New York under the Stuarts" respectively. The author's thoroughness is attested by the long list of authorities consulted, at the end of each chapter; some of them original documents or rare books to be found only in the New York Society Library, to which library she pays a high tribute. The author has, however, presented no complete bibliography of the history of New York in these lists, having excluded some well-known books because of their inaccuracy of statement and their tendency to mislead the serious student. Under this rule, Irving's "Knickerbocker History" is excluded, because, although written as a jest, it has been accepted as a history of a period with which no historian had yet familiarized the public; and it has served to give an erroneous bias even to serious historians in later times. It is the effort to correct this that has apparently given to

Mrs. Van Rensselaer the zest with which she writes her account of New Amsterdam and its people. And her account of the Dutch suffers not at all in interest by comparison with Irving's because written in more serious style. Mrs. Van Rensselaer believes Leisler, about whom students of history have quarrelled more than about any other colonial character, and upon whose career her second volume chiefly centres, to have been neither villain nor martyr, but a patriot born under a hapless star; and she notes, as one of the effects of the Leislerian episode, the rise of parties which gradually found wider range of interest than merely local ones, and eventually became the Patriots and Tories of Revolutionary times. Mrs. Van Rensselaer's work is well done, and her volumes are valuable contributions to our historical literature. All who read them will look forward with interest to the two additional volumes which will carry the story of the city's growth through the later Colonial and Revolutionary periods down to the year when New York was the capital of the nation and witnessed the inauguration of the first President of the United States.

Some popular astronomy for the curious.

Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, who is known as one of the most prolific of writers of popular books on astronomical themes, has until recently devoted himself chiefly to exploiting the wonders of the sky as revealed by small telescopes, striving to make his readers better acquainted with the constellations and the chief objects of interest in them. But his latest book, "Curiosities of the Sky" (Harper), has a widely different trend, being a popular discussion of various interesting matters on which astronomical research has recently thrown light. The book consists of fourteen separate essays of about twenty pages each. The first half-dozen of these are upon the distant realms which are tenanted by the fixed stars and nebulæ. The mysteries of the Milky Way, the migrations of the stars — which will eventually lead to the dismemberment of the constellations — the flaming forth of new stars, and the new views of the nebulæ which are brought out by the triumphs of modern photography, are all discussed in entertaining fashion. The remaining eight essays are devoted to topics connected with the solar system. Those on which modern developments in the science of physics have thrown especial light, such as the sun's corona, the zodiacal light, and auroras, receive especial attention. Mars, the moon, and the asteroids, are also treated in a fashion as unhackneyed as one can reasonably expect. The illustrations include thirty-six full-page plates, most of which are of unusual excellence.

"Man is man, and master of his fate."

A volume that has passed through thirty editions in fifteen years, on so apparently trite a subject as the Education of the Will, must certainly have found the secret of a popular appeal. This and more may be said of Dr. Jules Payot's volume which has just appeared in English form (Funk & Wagnalls). Though not so aptly suited to the needs of English readers, yet the common human nature to which the book appeals, and the admirably direct and fresh attack of the subject, will justify many an edition in English. The book is fortunately free from the hackneyed academic treatment of problems apart from their concrete setting, and equally from the undue simplification which solves all the loose knots but leaves the tight ones as badly tangled as ever. The text of the discourse remains the same: the inherent laziness of the human kind, the necessity of vitalizing ideas with true and clean motives, and the absolutely frank, almost confessional, attitude which self-examination requires. In setting forth the elemental place of action in the human life, M. Payot is not quite as brilliant as Professor James, but his task is differently conceived and no less practically executed. Such chapter headings as "Day-dreams and Sensuality" and "Sophisms of the Indolent," and the influences of the "Departed Great," suggest the trend of the book; while the pertinent use of every-day examples and of helpful analogy further drives home the moral which even a tale unadorned might forcibly point. Those who are looking for such aids and inspiration as a plain book may give to plain people will find few writings more to their taste and need than this acceptable volume. Its appeal is not alone to teachers and those who have to do with training, but likewise to the larger mass who aspire to be in some measure masters of their fate.

Davis's travels in America a century ago.

In 1803 there was published in London an octavo volume bearing the title, "Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America; During 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, and 1802." One John Davis, possibly descended from the celebrated navigator of that name (for this John had followed the sea from his twelfth year), was the author, and he dedicated his work, by permission, to President Jefferson. This interesting and little-known book is now republished by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., with an introduction and footnotes by Mr. A. J. Morrison. A peculiar interest attaches to this work because its author was a self-educated man of letters, awake to the literary promise of our country and on the alert for literary material for his own use. He speaks of having with him on shipboard a library of nearly three hundred volumes, and adds: "The Muses, whom I never ceased to woo, blessed me, I thought, not infrequently, with their nightly visitations; and I soothed my mind to tranquillity with the fancied harmony of my verse." Landing at New York after a ten weeks' voyage in "a Snow of two hundred tons," the traveller soon proceeded southward, to Philadelphia and beyond, walking most of the way, and supporting himself by writing and tutoring. He is pleasantly free from the supercilious and censorious spirit of certain other early visitors to the United States, and his observations,

though betraying no remarkable acumen or profundity, are genuine and refreshing. Now and then, too, he favors his readers with a set of verses inspired by the new scenes. On the whole, it is a most agreeable book.

The hard life of city streets.

To interpret the primitive and seemingly contradictory wants and aspirations of young people of industrial centres, to discover the soul of goodness in things evil, to summon the ambitions of generous youth to the service of universal justice, is the task which Miss Jane Addams has set herself in her latest book, "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets" (Macmillan). The spectacle of thwarted hope, of mutilated affections, of perverted souls, lends these pages of Miss Addams's a touch of sadness. There may be more enthusiasm for justice outside the circles of Halsted Street immigrants than she discovers; but we cannot blame her for reporting what she sees. We might ask rather more precise and concrete advice as to the actual methods we ought to use, those with which the daily struggles of the author make her so familiar; but one must be adamant who does not, after reading this little book, search his own conscience, and, what is better, go forth in quest of adventures on behalf of the oppressed and the spiritually starved.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Useful Fiction catalogues, marking the initial step in carrying out the A. L. A. plan of making coöperatively printed catalogues, as outlined before the Minnetonka meeting of the Association, have been published by the H. W. Wilson Co., of Minneapolis. A list of about 2000 titles is printed, with both author and title entries, and frequent brief annotations, in a pamphlet of 147 pages, while shorter lists, of 1200 and 800 titles, are also issued. It is the publishers' design "to furnish to librarians and library patrons a near-at-hand substitute for the heavily alphabeted card catalog. From it small libraries may check their fiction titles, and have their catalogs, any number necessary, made up from slugs kept at headquarters." Good authorities have been consulted in the compilation of these lists, and they are inexpensive as well as serviceable.

The multiplication of books of selected readings, compiled to provide material for the study of important subjects at their sources, is one of the most characteristic of educational publishing activities at the present time. History and literature having been fairly well covered by books of this sort, the movement is now being extended into the domains of social and political science, and now, by Dr. Benjamin Rand, into those of ethics and philosophy. For Dr. Rand's "Modern Classical Philosophers," published not long ago, a companion volume of "The Classical Moralists" is now provided. It is a large volume of eight hundred pages, representing all the great ethical thinkers of ancient and modern times, and amounts practically to a history of the subject in the very words of those who have created it. Such works as this are of very great usefulness, and the present example is one of the best of its kind.

An edition of Tegnér's "Frithiof's Saga," edited by Professor George T. Flom, is published by the Engberg-Holmberg Publishing Co., Chicago. The work is primarily a gift-book, reproducing a Swedish edition adorned with many attractive illustrations. The editor has fitted it for use as a language-text by furnishing the customary apparatus of introduction, bibliography, and notes. He also reprints Tegnér's "Anmärkningar" concerning the poem, as well as several of the author's letters about it. The special feature of this edition is the introduction, which deals with Tegnér's literary development, the sources and genesis of the poem, and the translations into other languages. This bibliography of the translations is very valuable, and it must have cost the editor much labor to collect the facts.

NOTES.

We welcome another good source-book for the use of teachers of history. This time it is "A Source History of the United States," prepared by Professors H. W. Caldwell and C. E. Persinger, and published by Messrs. Ainsworth & Co. It is a book for high schools, and the extracts given are boiled down to their essentials by omission of all but the most significant passages.

The latest addition to the "Musician's Library" of the Oliver Ditson Co. is a volume of "Songs from the Operas for Alto," edited by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel. Twenty-two composers are represented by twenty-nine songs. There are few really great songs in this collection, for the alto voice does not get the lyrical prizes, but Gluck's "Che Faro" is alone good to bring up the average. The editor's explanatory notes are helpful and interesting.

Dr. Samuel B. Harding's volume of "Select Orations Illustrating American Political History" (Macmillan) offers a valuable aid to both teacher and student. The orations are for the most part abridged or represented by fragments, which makes it possible to give examples from thirty-four men, from Otis and Henry to Carl Schurz and Mr. Booker T. Washington. An essay on "Oratorical Style and Structure," by Professor John M. Clapp, prefaces the selection.

"Fifty Songs by Hugo Wolf," edited by Mr. Ernest Newman, form a new volume of the "Musician's Library," published by the Oliver Ditson Co. They are arranged for high voice, and accompanied by the editorial apparatus customary with the books of this series. Most of the fifty are included within four groups, one Spanish, one Italian, and one each composed for texts by Mörike and Goethe. The same publishers send us "Echoes of Naples," being thirty Neapolitan songs edited by Signor Mario Favelli, and a volume of exercises in "Hand Expansions and Contractions," by Mr. E. R. Kroeger.

"The Great English Essayists," edited by Messrs. W. J. and C. W. Dawson, is a new volume in "The Reader's Library," published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Nearly half a hundred essays, or parts of essays, are given, grouped under the following six heads: "The Classic Essay," "The Letter Essay," "The Short-Story Essay," "The Biographical and Critical Essay," "Impassioned Prose," and "The Familiar Essay." Each group has an editorial essay by way of introduction. All of which makes a pleasing book of very good reading, so put together that its several parts serve to illuminate one another as well as the general theme of the work as a whole.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

January, 1910.

African Game Trails—IV. Theodore Roosevelt. *Scribner.*
Antwerp's Business Methods. H. T. Sherman. *World's Work.*
Art in the U. S. Ernest Knaufft. *Review of Reviews.*
Athletics, School, The Reform of. M. K. Gordon. *Century.*
Azeff, Eugene. David Soskice. *McClure.*
Bank Plan, Central. Victor Marametz. *No. American Review.*
Banking, Central, Evolution of. C. A. Conant. *No. Amer. Rev.*
Banking, Government. W. A. Peffer. *North American Review.*
Belgium's New King. *Review of Reviews.*
Bird-hunting. Franklin Clarkin. *Everybody's.*
Boston's New Museum. L. Bullard. *World To-day.*
Breakfast, Degeneration of. Eugene Wood. *Everybody's.*
Canada. American Builders in. C. M. Keys. *World's Work.*
Cannon and the Insurgents. H. B. Needham. *Everybody's.*
Chicago, The New Plan of. Charles W. Eliot. *Century.*
Child Criminals—IV. Ben B. Lindsey. *Everybody's.*
China's Far West. E. D. Burton. *World To-day.*
Coal in Alaska, Finding. *McClure.*
College Contests of the Future. S. Strunsky. *Century.*
College Diversions. J. J. Stevenson. *Popular Science.*
Comet, Halley's. C. L. Doolittle. *Popular Science.*
Criminal Procedure in U. S. Jas. W. Garner. *No. Amer. Review.*
Darwin Celebration at Cambridge. T. D. A. Cockerell. *Pop. Sci.*
Darwin's Place in Future Biology. W. E. Ritter. *Pop. Science.*
"Dawn of a Tomorrow." L. F. Pierce. *World To-day.*
Dead Sea, A Trip on the. E. Huntington. *Harper.*
Deep Waterway Problem. E. J. Ward. *World To-day.*
Detective Stories. J. C. Cummings. *Bookman.*
Disease, Transmission of, by Money. A. C. Morrison. *Pop. Sci.*
Dogs and Men. Henry C. Merwin. *Atlantic.*
Editorials, Political, Value of. Edward Porritt. *Atlantic.*
Elizabeth of Austria. Xavier Paoli. *McClure.*
England, The Crisis in. Sydney Brooks. *North Amer. Review.*
European Powers, Balance of. A. R. Colquhoun. *No. Am. Rev.*
Ferrer Trial, The. Perceval Gibbon. *McClure.*
Financial and Banking Reforms. C. N. Fowler. *Atlantic.*
Foot-Ball, Personality in. Walter Camp. *Century.*
Fugger Jacob. Paul van Dyke. *Harper.*
German Tendencies. M. Birnbaum. *Bookman.*
Gilder, R. W. Brander Matthews. *North American Review.*
Gilder, R. W. An Appreciation. *Bookman.*
Gilder, R. W. Poetry of. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Bookman.*
Governors' Messages, Some Recent. *World To-day.*
Health and Business Hurry. L. H. Gulick. *World's Work.*
Hearn's Japanese Letters. *Atlantic.*
Housekeepers. Elizabeth R. Pennell. *Atlantic.*
House of Lords, The. Sydney Brooks. *Atlantic.*
ndians, The Vanishing. C. W. Furlong. *Harper.*
Immortality, Argument for. Borden P. Bowne. *No. Am. Rev.*
Insurance, Proper Amounts of. *World's Work.*
Italian Art. F. J. Mather, Jr. *North American Review.*
Ito's Statesmanship. W. Elliot Griffis. *North American Rev.*
Japan's Ambition. Arthur B. Knapp. *Atlantic.*
Jews and Jesus. Isador Singer. *North American Review.*
Johnson, Andrew. Recollections of. H. S. Turner. *Harper.*
Johnson, Dr., in Cambria. Jeannette Marks. *Atlantic.*
Jurymen, Some Difficulties of. J. H. Coates. *Scribner.*
Kneisel, Franz, A Talk with, on Music. D. C. Mason. *Century.*
Lake Pleasant, Massachusetts. *Bookman.*
London, Old. Frederic C. Howe. *Scribner.*
Lords and Commons. S. Tonjoroff. *World To-day.*
Mojeska, Helena, Memoirs of—II. *Century.*
Molecules, The Structure of. H. A. Torrey. *Harper.*
Molière and the Doctors. Brander Matthews. *Scribner.*
Mound Bayou, The Pioneers of. Hiram Tong. *Century.*
Mountain-Climbing on a Wire. I. Dunklee. *World To-day.*
Music as a Social Force. L. B. Jones. *World To-day.*
Music, Modernism in. Redfern Mason. *Atlantic.*
Nelson, N. O., Autobiography—II. *World's Work.*
New Orleans, The Winter Gardens of. G. W. Cable. *Scribner.*
"New Thought" Literature. F. M. Björkman. *World's Work.*
New York's Water Resources. *Review of Reviews.*
Palestine, Tramping in. Harry A. Franck. *Century.*
Pessimism, A Morning with. Grant Showerman. *Harper.*
Pole, North—Can It be Found? H. F. Reid. *Popular Science.*
Police, Failure of. H. C. Weir. *World To-day.*
Politics for Women. R. L. Sutherland. *No. American Review.*
Progress. Clifford Howard. *Atlantic.*
Railroads, Western. James J. Hill. *World's Work.*
Rice, Arkansas. F. L. Perrin. *World To-day.*
Ridge, Pett, Clever Books of. W. D. Howells. *No. Amer. Review.*
Roosevelt, Binding. E. M. Newman. *World To-day.*
Rug, Passing of the Antique. J. K. Mumford. *Century.*
Russia's Finances. F. A. Ogg. *Review of Reviews.*
Schools, Public. J. M. Rogers. *Lippincott.*
Simon, Lucien, The Art of. Charles Caffin. *Harper.*
Ships for the Panama Canal. B. N. Bake. *No. Amer. Review.*
Socialism, Monarchical, in Germany. E. Roberts. *Scribner.*
"Squatters," Life among the. A. Irvine. *World's Work.*
Steel, Making of. Ernest Poole. *Everybody's.*
Style, The Theory of. Walter Libby. *Popular Science.*
Theatre, The New, and its Plays. C. Hamilton. *Bookman.*
Trimmings, Philosophy of. Grant Showerman. *Atlantic.*
Trust Regulation. G. H. Montague. *Atlantic.*
Vedder, Elihu, Reminiscences of. *World's Work.*
Water-Power Sites. Richard A. Ballinger. *Review of Reviews.*
Water Powers and the South. H. A. Pressey. *Review of Reviews*
Waterways Campaign, The. W. F. Saunders. *Review of Revs.*
Wilderness, Battle of the—VIII. Morris Schaff. *Atlantic.*
Wiley, Dr., Work of. E. Björkman. *World's Work.*

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 100 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

The Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. By Walter Sichel. In 2 volumes, illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. Houghton Mifflin Co. $7.50 net.

George Meredith: Some Early Appreciations. By Maurice Buxton Forman. 12mo, 289 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Sir Philip Sidney. By Percy Addleshaw. Illustrated, large 8vo, 331 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Lord Kelvin's Early Home: Being the Recollections of his Sister the Late Mrs. Elizabeth King. Illustrated, 8vo, 345 pages. Macmillan Co. $2.60 net.

The Duke De Choiseul: The Lothian Essay, 1908. By Roger H. Soltau. 16mo, 176 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

HISTORY.

The Great French Revolution, 1789-1793. By P. A. Kropotkin; translated by N. F. Dryhurst. Large 8vo, 610 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.25 net.

Historical Essays. By James Ford Rhodes. Large 8vo, 335 pages. Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

The Last Years of the Protectorate, 1656-1658. By Charles Harding Firth. In 2 volumes, 8vo. Longmans, Green, & Co. $7. net.

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